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FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS' VISIT TO LONDON YESTERDAY.



Procession of carriages conveying officers of the French Northern Squadron to luncheon at the Guildhall as the guests of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London passing along the Embankment yesterday.



Admiral Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty (on the left), and Vice-Admiral Caillard, commanding the French Northern Squadron, snapped at Portsmouth yesterday as they were leaving for London.



French officers leaving Victoria Station on their way to attend the luncheon at the Guildhall. They received an enthusiastic reception as they passed through the streets, and were delighted by the cordiality of their welcome.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

As a further example of the good feeling which now exists between England and France, the success in this country of the French Natural Sparkling Table Water—Perrier—may be cited. Coming to England at a time when a cordial reception awaited all things French, its great merits were immediately recognised and its wide-spread popularity assured.

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LONDON WELCOMES THE NATION'S GUESTS.

Officers of the French Fleet
in the Capital.

"HAPPY AND PROUD."

Visitors Overpowered by the
Warmth of Their Welcome.

GUILDHALL LUNCHEON.

Admiral Caillard's Chivalry and
Charm Win All Hearts.

PRETTY INCIDENTS.

"What a city to sack," muttered grim, old Prussian Blucher, as he rode through London after Waterloo.

"What a city to be happy in," was the more human reflection of Admiral Caillard and his eighty gallant French officers as they fared through the streets of the capital yesterday on their way to enjoy the hospitality of the City Fathers at the beautiful time-worn Guildhall.

And, indeed, London yesterday was in its best and gayest mood. The influence of the entente cordiale was on everyone. Unconsciously Londoners, in the heartiness of their sentiments for our French guests, had drunk in some of the Gallic spirit of good-humour and the joy of life.

Perhaps the weather had something to do with it. In the morning at least our feeble climate had not the heart to throw cold water on the entente cordiale. It was one of the most glorious noontides of the summer. Sunshine flooded everything; made the grim streets cheerful; turned commonplace decorations into an enchanting symphony of colour; and made everyone ready to cry "Vive everything."

Frenchmen visiting the capital for the first time—and they were many—raised their eyebrows in astonishment. London was not, then, a delicious nightmare of fog, after all. It was bright, cheerful, almost chic—another Paris, only a little grimmer, blacker, and more solid. And they fell to wondering why they had never come here before.

GREY-HEADED AND BRONZED.

Even Victoria Station—not generally a fairy-land—was transfigured. It was one gorgeous kaleidoscope of flags, flowers, and brilliant uniforms when the special train bearing the officers and their friends steamed in.

There was an immense crowd to welcome Admiral Caillard, grey-bearded and bronzed—a gallant sailor every inch of him—as he stepped from the saloon, and shook hands with the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, and the others who were waiting to receive him.

After a long hand-shaking between English and French officers the visitors entered some fifty open carriages, the first three of which were from the royal stables.

Admiral Sir John Fisher and Sir Francis Bertie sat with Admiral Caillard and M. Cambon in the first, and other English and French notabilities in the next two.

A moment later the journey to the City began. It was one continuous triumph. There was no mistaking the heartiness of the people. Processions many has London seen, but not since the Coronation one which so impressed the popular imagination. "Hurrahs" and "Vives" blended in one deafening roar.

Handkerchiefs waved by delicate hands fluttered from stately houses as the procession passed along to Hyde Park Corner. Apsley House, with its reminiscences of Waterloo, had fairly wreathed itself in Tricolours. It was a happy allegory of old enemies long forgotten.

TACTFUL GALLANTRY.

In Trafalgar-square one of the prettiest incidents of the day took place. Round the Nelson column the crowd was at its thickest. As the carriages conveying Admiral Caillard and his chief officers passed the column they looked at it with interest. Then, as if actuated by one common impulse, they raised their hands to the salute. It was an action, all of the tactful gallantry of a brave and polished nation. So simple, so unostentatious, yet so graceful, that it went to the hearts of the populace, who cheered ill they were hoarse. One old grey-haired officer went further than his comrades. He rose from his seat and took off his hat. It was the action of a gallant man, and the crowd, with the innate respect of crowds for a touch of real nobility, longed to know that brave veteran's name.

A few minutes later, and the carriages were rolling along the Embankment. When the City

boundary was reached the enthusiasm seemed to be doubled. It was the dinner-hour, and it looked as if the whole City were in the streets.

Great numbers of young Frenchmen employed in the City shouted "Vive la France" and "Vive la Marine"; and these cries, mingled with the British cheers, gave the effect of a perfect babel.

It was only when the carriages arrived at the Guildhall, where the crowd was greater than anywhere, that the weather turned traitor. Rain began to fall sharply, and the officers had to dismount in something like haste to avoid the drenching shower.

AT THE GUILDHALL.

The scene at the Guildhall was one that will long linger in the memories of those who were there. Many brilliant gatherings have met in that old-world building, but none like this. It was the first time the City Fathers have received the officers of a foreign fleet.

They have offered the splendid hospitality of the City to many a foreign monarch, but that, of course, is quite a different thing. The spirit of the Gold Stick-in-Waiting must necessarily invade a gathering in which Kings and Queens are guests.

But yesterday there was a warmth, a cordiality, even a little lack of formality that made the reception a thing by itself. It was not merely a dignified body meeting another dignified body; it was a gathering of friends.

Englishmen and Frenchmen met as they might meet in any country house; they ate, drank, and chatted with the gay familiarity of old acquaintances.

Sir John Pount, grey-bearded and smiling, waited with the Lady Mayoresse in the library to receive the guests. The hall was gay with the summer costumes of hundreds of ladies and with the mazarine gowns of the councillors, who were dotted here and there about the room.

There, too, was Lord Lansdowne, the Lord Chancellor in Court dress, and a host of distinguished men.

LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY OVERCOME.

As the visitors arrived they were announced by a Frenchman, without whose aid some of the foreign names would have been unrecognisable. There was one little disadvantage, for Sir Edward Ward was announced as Sir Edward Hall and the Skinners' Company was called the "Spears" Company.

Admiral Caillard was the first to enter, resplendent in blue and gold; and then one after the other the French visitors were presented to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoresse.

Then the whole party adjourned for luncheon. Toasts of "The King and Queen" and "The President of the French Republic" were proposed by the Lord Mayor in English. Many of the officers seemed conversant with the language and were able to follow the sentences in which the friendship between two great countries was emphasised.

To the toast of "The French Navy" Admiral Caillard responded.

Speaking in French, with evident emotion, he said: "The squadron of the North Sea is happy and proud to have been designated by the French Government to participate in these rejoicings, and those on the other side of the Channel, which, far from being a barrier, should be a means of union. The whole of France is delighted at the welcome accorded to our sailors."

Then, with a pretty gesture of apology for his unfamiliarity with English, the Admiral suddenly broke off, and added in the tongue of his hosts: "The wish of our hearts is for the Entente Cordiale both of the Lady Mayoresse and of the other ladies whose presence had adorned their speech."

And, glass in hand, the gallant Frenchmen rose and bowed to the ladies at their table.

This touch of chivalry roused the greatest enthusiasm. The British officers rose and stood by their chairs, with their right feet on the tables—raising their glasses and waving their napkins with shouts of Caillard.

THROUGH DRIPPING STREETS.

The journey from the Guildhall to the reception at the French Embassy was a contrast to that of the morning. Rain was falling, and the crowds, though still hearty, were a little damp.

Though the carriages were now closed, the courteous Frenchmen braved the rain, and thrusting their heads out of the windows, with bare heads acknowledged the enthusiasm of the public.

H.M.S. Buzzard, being near Blackfriars, was gaily decorated with flags.

The invasion of the Solent by the French and British fleets has nearly resulted in a famine in bread.

At the City luncheon the Lord Mayor was noticed assuring Admiral Caillard, in his best French, of his unbounded affection.

A monster gramophone in Messrs. Spiers and Pond's establishment in Queen Victoria Street attracted the attention of the guests by playing the "Marseillaise."

The very engine which bore the guests from Portsmouth was labelled "Welcome," and decorated with red and blue, while the coal in the tender was painted white.

TARS FRATERNISE.

French Seamen Vigorously Wave Union
Jacks and Exchange Caps with
British Tars.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Thursday.—In its inmost heart Portsmouth knew that it would have to take second place to London to-day, but Portsmouth would never think of admitting it.

We have had any number of ways of enjoying ourselves, and the chief of them has been the sports on the Recreation Ground, to which 1,500 French and 1,500 English sailors were invited, being carried there on decorated trams.

Henri took part—or rather, many parts—in these sports. Henri is my latest acquaintance. We met first in the early hours of this morning, when he was dancing a cake-walk for the benefit of an exceedingly loving group of English sailors and his own countrymen.

To-day he eschewed the glories of the decorated trams to give his views on things in general, while I renounced the pleasures of the warrant officers' lunch at Whale Island to hear them. He told me he had only one fault to find with England—there are not enough onions.

CHEERS FOR THE CRIMEAN VETERANS.

As Henri told me this two trams bearing the invited Crimean veterans passed us, each wearing on his breast rows, literally rows, of medals. Henri's excitement and enthusiasm was infectious.

"They fought with us," he shouted. "They bled for La France." "Honora les Anglais," "l'embrasse les Anglais," and he very nearly did. After this display I persuaded him to come in a cab, for the pavements were too crowded for walking. He refused till he had bought a Union Jack and a balloon.

Every one of his fellow-countrymen on the trams seemed to be waving at least two Union Jacks, and the balloon was an addition of his own.

At the sports Henri took part in a three-legged race and a tug-of-war.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FALL TOGETHER.

In the three-legged race he and his partner, an English bluejacket, came ignominiously to earth, but in the tug-of-war he pulled valiantly.

The events were so arranged that there could be no international rivalry. In the tug-of-war Henri, with four other French sailors and five English tars, pulled against five French sailors and five English marines.

The sailors were the bigger men, but, as Henri explained, the marines have more nails on their boots, which won them the day.

The great question of the walking-out cap has been solved during the last twenty-four hours. English and French have each exchanged caps.

It was this that parted Henri from me. I did not think his cap would suit me, so I left him with a number of his friends.

KISSING A CHILD'S HAND.

With all his high spirits the French sailor is a gentle fellow. A big party just outside the grounds were dancing along singing when a little child being carried by its mother waved a tiny tricolour. The great stopped, and one of the men, a big, bearded fellow, asked if he might shake hands with the child. He took the little hand as gently as a woman could, and then, bowing low, raised it to his lips. Then with a cheer the sailormen passed on with their dance.

The evening has been more formal. At the naval barracks there was a supper to 500 French and 500 English sailors, and a banquet by the mayor and corporation to 80 French and 80 English officers at the town hall.

ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

Jury Hold Signalman To Blame for Liverpool
Disaster, but Not Criminally.

At the inquest yesterday on the victims of the Liverpool railway disaster, the jury found that the accident was caused by a mistake made by Signalman Boote and Motorman Rimmer through an error of judgment, which was held to be censurable, but not criminal.

It will be remembered that the Rev. Thomas Waugh, of Southport, whose son was one of the victims, addressed to Signalman Boote a touching letter, reproduced in the *Daily Mirror* last Saturday, in which he not only expressed his forgiveness, but, in the noblest spirit, extended his sympathy.

LIVING ON WILD ROOTS AND PLANTS.

Agricultural distress in Spain is acute, and thousands of labourers are without bread, states Reuter's correspondent at Seville. They are even reduced to eating the roots of wild plants.

"YELLOW JACK" SHUTS ALL SHOPS.

On account of the epidemic of yellow fever at New Orleans, the mayor has, states a Reuter telegram, ordered the closing of all shops for a general cleaning.

IN THE BALANCE.

Japanese Representatives Submit
Written Terms to the Russians.

PEACE DOUBTFUL.

The latest news as to the great conference of the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth, U.S.A., is that the representatives of Japan have reduced their conditions of peace to writing and have formally presented them to Russia.

The sittings have been suspended until the time when Russia is ready with her reply.

This development was somewhat unexpected, as it was thought the Japanese would not reveal their hand so early in the negotiations.

Various Reuter messages from New York seem to suggest the prevalence of a considerable amount of pessimism.

One report is that M. Witte has received a telegram from the Tsar forbidding the acceptance of humiliating terms, as the Russians are now more in favour of the continuance of the war.

On the other hand the "World" (New York) declares that what M. Witte and his associates are seeking is a name for the sum of money to be paid to Japan.

They do not wish to call it an indemnity, desiring a chance to save Russia's prestige, even if only in theory. If they can obtain it as shadow they will not object to paying the substance.

The best-informed Japanese at Paris declare that Japan is inflexible on the subject of a war indemnity, and that the extreme minimum is to be £100,000,000. The Japanese are likewise determined to keep Saghalien.

The "Mail" New York correspondent having submitted this statement to M. Witte, the latter showed him a telegram which he had received from Russian revolutionaries in America, who declared that, though they were opposed to the present régime in Russia, they begged him not to cede a foot of Russian territory, nor to give a kopeck to the Japanese. M. Witte said that public opinion in Russia was unanimously opposed to any indemnity.

If the Japanese really insisted on an indemnity and on the occupation of Saghalien, there would be no chance of making peace.

There was yesterday an interchange of mild social amenities between the rivals, cards being exchanged.

One of the practical effects of the Conference has been to produce a sort of unofficial armistice in Manchuria. Fighting has for several days been abandoned, soldiers feeling that sacrifice of life would, at such a stage, be in vain.

The Navy Department at Tokio announces the successful floating of the Russian cruiser *Varia*, sunk by the Japanese at Chemulpho.

THROUGH THE LORDS.

Unemployed Bill Passes Third Reading During
Last Moments of Expiring Session.

Parliament will be prorogued to-day, and one of the last acts of the Lords was to approve the Unemployed Bill's third reading.

The last debate of the session took place in the Commons yesterday on the motion for the third reading of the Appropriation Bill.

Sir Henry Fowler demanded a dissolution. "It is clear," he declared, "from independent and almost unanimous evidence, that the House of Commons is out of sympathy and out of touch with the opinion of the electorate, and it devolves upon the Ministry of the day to advise the King to terminate the existence of such a House."

Mr. Balfour quoted precedents. These showed, he submitted, that the Liberal Administrations had proved themselves to be far more patient of defeat than any of the Conservative Administrations.

"If," he said, "the Prime Minister were to make the very existence of his Government depend on a temporary wave of unpopular feeling, it would reduce the British Government to an absurdity." Amid general cheers members separated at 4.35.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Throughout the industrial centres of Spain meetings to protest against bull-fighting are being held.

Twelve persons were killed in a fight which suddenly broke out between Turks and Albanians in the bazaar at Scutaria, Albania.

Lord Lansdowne said in the House of Lords yesterday: "The Powers fully intend to take steps to secure compliance on the part of the Porte with the scheme for controlling the Macedonian finances."

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Fresh to moderate westerly and south-westerly winds; changeable, fair to showery; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time, 8.30 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough to moderate.

SAFE FROM THE FROZEN NORTH.

Ziegler Expedition Rescued After
Two Years of Silence.

VESSEL SUNK BY ICE.

The Terra Nova relief expedition, telegraphs our Christiania correspondent, passed Honningsvåg, near Hammerfest, yesterday, with the wrecked crew of the Ziegler Expedition from Franz Josef Land.

The expedition reached 82deg. 13m. One Norwegian member of the crew has died, but all the rest are well.

Their ship, America, was lost.

She was crushed by the ice and sank in the winter of 1903-4, and the members of the expedition have since been living on the ice.

The explorers who have thus been rescued from the grip of the icy North had been missing for over two years. The story of the relief expedition is as full of adventure as the story of the explorers who have been brought back to safety.

Determined that the United States should have the glory of discovering the North Pole, the perils of which have for so many years baffled the efforts of successive explorers, Mr. William Ziegler, an American millionaire, announced that he would fit out an expedition and spend £200,000 on the undertaking.

A sealing vessel named the Esquimaux was purchased, fitted out with all the latest devices for defeating the Frost King, and christened the America.

Suffering From Cold.

In little else beyond the fact that it was supported by American dollars, however, was the undertaking an American one, for although Mr. Evelyn B. Morgan was placed in charge, the crew were Swedes, and the captain was a hardy Norseman named Johansen, who had experienced the terrors of Arctic winters while accompanying Nansen.

The America left Tromsø, Norway, in July, 1901, but after long months of intense suffering from cold the expedition returned to the point of embarkation and refitted. Another attempt was made nearly two years after the first expedition started, but this time Mr. Fiala was placed in charge.

All went well for some months, but just two years ago the last communication from them reached Europe. To all intents and purposes the explorers were dead to the world.

Finally, in June of last year, a relief expedition, headed by Mr. W. S. Champ, set out for Franz Josef Land, where the lost explorers were believed to be, but after three months' struggle with perilous conditions the party retired.

Mr. Ziegler persuaded Mr. Champ to again make the attempt, and two months ago the relief party started out. This time, however, the expedition split in two. One band made straight for Cape Flora, Franz Josef Land, and the other skirted the east coast of Greenland, for it was thought that M. Fiala might return on sledges by that route.

Mr. Champ's party, which set out on the Terra Nova, has at last been successful. The America has been lost but the explorers are saved.

£1,000 DAMAGES.

Poor Husband and Wife and Their Rich
"Friend."

After twenty years of happy married life, Mrs. Monk, of York-road, Ilford, and her husband, a railway clerk, earning a small salary, made the acquaintance of William Donaldson, a Leyton resident, with a large contractor's business in the City.

Both husband and wife were delighted with their new, rich friend, who used to take them out for drives together. But when Mrs. Monk began to go out in the evening, and refused to say where she had been, the poor clerk grew troubled at heart.

Unpleasant rumours came to his ears, and after receiving an anonymous letter, he made some inquiries at Clacton-on-Sea, where he learned that his wife and Mr. Donaldson had been staying together.

This was the story related in the Law Courts yesterday, when a divorce was granted to Mr. Monk, together with £1,000 damages against Donaldson.

FAREWELL BY PHOTOGRAPH.

Prior to drowning himself in a pond at Haslingden, John Usher, a well-known professional cricketer, of Lancashire, left on the bank photographs of his wife and seven children, to whom he was devoted.

Yesterday's jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

MOTORS ROB RAILWAYS.

Sportsmen Prefer to Travel to Scotland
by the Great North Road.

Many shooting-parties going north for the "Twelfth" are travelling by motor-car instead of rail this year, and the railway traffic returns are beginning to suffer under the influence of motor-car competition.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Great Western Railway yesterday Mr. Alfred Baldwin attributed the decrease in first-class fares to "the present craze for motoring."

"During Hedges week," said Mr. Baldwin, "more than four hundred motor-cars were housed in the town. Under ordinary circumstances the people who went to Henley by motor-cars would have been first-class passengers from Paddington."

To the all-conquering motor-car is attributed the rise this year in the rents of certain Highland moors which were almost inaccessible until the motor-car made travellers independent of railways.

Large touring motor-cars have been seen every day this week crossing the Forth by ferry.

SECRET OF CANCER.

Specialists Agree That White Corpuscle Theory
Fits in with Known Facts.

"It fits in with modern theories as to the cause of cancer."

This summarises the opinions expressed yesterday by specialists upon the theory explained exclusively in the *Daily Mirror* that the white corpuscles or "soldiers," of the blood are responsible for the birth of the cancer cell.

The theory recently elaborated by Professor Metschnikoff, of Paris, that the white blood corpuscles, by gradually exhausting the system, bring about the condition known as "old age," is held to substantiate the new cancer theory.

"I am greatly surprised at the theory," said one eminent authority, "for we always believed that the white corpuscles endeavoured to prevent cancer from invading the tissues. Bearing in mind the life and functions of the corpuscle, however, it is more than possible that investigation may prove the corpuscle sometimes a rogue."

AUCTION-ROOM DANGERS.

"Runners-Up" Who Make the Unsophisticated Pay Extravagant Prices.

"Runners-up" are the great drawbacks to many auction-rooms, particularly those of the cheap 'recess' type," said a well-known auctioneer to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

He was referring to the recent attempted theft in a Strand auction-room by a "runner-up"—a man whose business it is to bid against likely customers and so enhance the prices of the goods offered for sale.

"Runners-up," said the auctioneer, "are themselves responsible for the way in which many small auction-rooms are conducted. The result is that the public is dreadfully cheated. Country people who flock to town in crowds this time of the year are particularly victimised."

"Similar tricks are even played at West End auction-rooms," said another auctioneer. "Fanciful prices are worked up for early lots, so that later ones may be sold at about the same prices."

MUSICAL COMEDY "RUNS."

Recent Stage Successes Reflect the Taste of
the Modern Theatre-Goer.

"Veronique" at the Apollo Theatre has just registered its 450th performance, but the last nights are already talked of.

This charming operetta will not therefore make a record, even among musical plays, as at one time seemed likely.

The longest runs of this class of piece have been: "Dorothy," 99; "The Girl in the Blue Uniform," 78; "Patience," 70; "The Mikado," 67; and "The Gondoliers," 54.

Musical plays of a more musical-hally type have done equally well and in some instances better. Thus "The Chinese Honeymoon" ran for over 1,000 performances, "San Toy" numbered 800, "The Geisha" 700, "The Toreador" 675, and "A Runaway Girl" 598.

SLEPT HOLDING LIGHTED CANDLE.

A Rochester householder was roused yesterday by hearing screams in his little son's bedroom. He found the lad in flames, and elicited from him that during the night he jumped out of bed, lighted the candle, and fell asleep with it in his hand. He is not expected to recover.

"MRS. GRUNDY" DEFEATED.

Mixed Bathing Triumphant All
Round the Coast.

TWO TOWNS HOLD OUT.

Visitors to the seaside this year are agreed that the most striking feature is the popularity of mixed bathing.

Two years ago the advocates of this custom, which has prevailed on the Continent for a score of years, met with the most strenuous opposition. But in two seasons mixed bathing has won an all-round sweeping victory, and family parties are now enabled to enjoy a swim in the sea in company at almost all watering-places.

The *Daily Mirror* has received reports from its seaside correspondents showing how general the practice has become.

BLACKPOOL.—There are no restrictions as to mixed bathing here, and it is very popular. Not a single objection has been raised.

BRIGHTON.—Mixed bathing is more indulged in this year than ever. For the first time the West Pier has made arrangements for mixed bathing, and there has been no opposition.

EASTBOURNE.—Was one of the first places to adopt mixed bathing, and the practice has hitherto failed to excite the least opposition. A portion of the sea frontage is set aside for mixed bathing.

HASTINGS.—Mixed bathing is one of the most popular pastimes of visitors and residents alike. At the White Rock Baths facilities for mixed bathing are given every day. There is no opposition.

MARGATE.—Mixed bathing has become exceedingly popular at the Cliftonville end of the town.

SCARBOROUGH.—The Scarborough by-laws prohibit mixed bathing, but no attempt is made to enforce this out-of-date regulation. In the North Bay and Filey many families may be seen bathing together.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—There is no evidence of any opposition to mixed bathing. Several "machines" are provided for the purpose.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—Mixed bathing is permitted here, and there is no opposition to it.

WHITBY.—Mixed bathing is allowed here and it meets with no opposition.

ISLE OF MAN.—Mixed bathing has not been introduced at Douglas, but it is popular at Ramsey, Peel, and Port Erin. At these three last-named places special open-air baths are provided for ladies and gentlemen.

SHANKLIN (Isle of Wight).—Mixed bathing is indulged in here, and there have been no complaints on the subject.

The only noteworthy exceptions are Bournemouth and Ryhl. At Bournemouth there are separate sets of machines, the distance between them being fixed at a hundred yards, which is reduced to forty yards in rough weather, to facilitate life-saving if rescue work becomes necessary.

At Ryhl ladies' and gentlemen's bathing stations are half a mile apart, and a policeman is on duty to prevent strong swimmers evading this precautionary regulation.

COFFINS IN THE BEDROOM.

Weird Experiences of a Traveller on the
Borderland of Tibet.

The traveller who found two coffins in his bedroom would probably remonstrate very forcibly with a European landlender.

But Mr. Hosie, his Majesty's Consul-General at Chengtu, had this and stranger experiences during his journey on the eastern borders of Tibet.

In the report of that extraordinary journey, which was published yesterday by the Foreign Office, Mr. Hosie says that the coffin in question was waiting for the deaths of his host and hostess.

The traveller says that the land is terribly priest-ridden. The lamaseries, or monasteries, are gigantic trading concerns. When a Tibetan dies his belongings go to a lamasery. The lamaseries lend money at exorbitant interest, and if the borrower fails to repay he and his family become the property—the slaves—of the priests.

FLOATING POST OFFICES.

Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, in yesterday's Parliamentary Papers regrets that he has not yet been able to arrange terms for sea post offices on board the packets of the Cunard Line.

With regard to a request for two fast mail services per week, irrespective of the German fast steamers, from this side of the Atlantic, Lord Stanley says he can make no promise.

Nine men, entombed by the collapse of a pit at Kirkwood Colliery, near Coatbridge, were yesterday extricated little the worse for their imprisonment.

HORNSEY FOR HEALTH.

Enterprising North London Borough
Advertising for Householders.

London's ring of suburbs, responding to Hornsey's novel enterprise of advertising for householders, have entered on a new phase of their existence. Henceforth they will be engaged in rivalry as deadly as that between popular and unpopular seaside resorts.

A handbook is being prepared, which will describe in attractive terms the advantages of living within the borders of the municipal district of Hornsey. The low death-rate will no doubt be used as the leading inducement, for the borough council is very proud of the fact that last year the mortality returns of the district showed that only 8.19 per 1,000 of the population died. This is almost a record.

The other rates, too, are low, for Hornsey has not yet embarked upon extravagant projects, and rents are correspondingly cheap, while the train service from the City is a very frequent one.

Watering-places like Blackpool and Douglas have long advertised their attractions, but it is a new idea for a London borough.

Doubtless the tremendous growth of suburban London is the chief cause of this. Houses are being built in many London districts, much faster than people can be found to occupy them, and Hornsey is the first suburb to awake to the fact that if its empty houses are filled up its rateable value will increase very considerably.

BURGESS UNDAUNTED.

Will Make a Fourth Attempt to Swim the
Channel This Year.

Mr. Thomas Burgess, the Yorkshire swimmer, is not disheartened by the defeat in his third gallant attempt to swim the Channel on Wednesday, which failed when he was within four and a half miles of victory.

For fourteen and three-quarter hours he struggled with the Channel tides, and covered twenty-nine miles. Then a strong tide off the French coast bore him back, and he had to give up the attempt.

Yesterday he had a short swim, and found that he was only slightly stiff from his great exertion, and if he is fit he intends to make a fourth attempt to swim the Channel in a fortnight's time.

Mr. Montague Holbein will make another effort to swim from Dover to Calais next week, and, on August 20, or the first suitable day after, Miss Kellerman will attempt to win the *Daily Mirror* trophy.

ARE ICES WHOLESOME?

Many Dangers Attaching to Their Consumption
Even When Perfectly Pure.

There is danger in allaying thirst in very hot weather with ice-cold drinks, and the recent death of an Italian in Clerkenwell after swallowing ice-cream, lemonade, and sherbet, adds point to the warning.

Mr. J. Kear Colwell, the Clerkenwell borough analyst, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that it would not be fair to assume that the man was poisoned by ice-cream unless the forthcoming post-mortem examination proves that to have been the case.

"Italians in this district," said Mr. Colwell, "are extremely careful as to the materials they employ. And the fact that some thousand persons bought ice-cream on the same day from the same vendor, and that no other deaths have been reported, seems to show that the ice-cream was not responsible."

There is regular examination of the places where ice-cream is made, and from time to time prosecutions are the result.

"All food sold and eaten in the street, however, is liable to be contaminated by the foul refuse blown about."

COLONISTS FROM BRITAIN.

Emigration Statistics Show a Large Increase
This Year.

In the first seven months of this year 57,249 Britons emigrated to Canada, an increase of 10,000 over last year's number for the corresponding period.

And it is not only to Canada that Britons are emigrating in increasing numbers. Australasia took more, by 460, than last year, and to the various other Colonies an increased number of Britons emigrated.

India was the only exception, there being 278 fewer emigrants to that country.

The total increase during the seven months was 13,447.

NEW COALMINE FLOODED.

The new coalmine, which is being opened by the Clifton and Kearsley Coal Company at Kearsley, near Bolton, has been flooded to the depth of nearly 100 feet.

PRISONER IN AN ASYLUM.

Perfectly Sane Lady Carried Off in a Special Train.

COURIER FOR PET DOGS.

An extraordinary story of a lady who, at the instance of two gentlemen who were not even related to her, was taken away to an asylum by a special train was revealed in the Appeal Court yesterday.

The lady's identity was concealed under the initials "F. M. C." and her appeal was against an order made by Master Ambrose, K.C., one of the Masters in Lunacy, "ordering an interim receiver, to pass accounts after deducting from the lady's allowance the costs of certain proceedings."

When Mr. Montague Lush rose to support the appeal Lord Justice Vaughan Williams surprised him by saying, "Who are you?"

Mr. Montague Lush: "Who am I, my Lord? I am the alleged lunatic," and a ripple of laughter passed through the gravest of grave Courts.

Sad Life History.

Learned counsel related how his client had been placed in an asylum, although as soon as the Commissioners in Lunacy saw her they reported that she was not a person who ought to be placed under restraint.

His client was possessed of an income of about £3,000 a year, and had had a great amount of domestic trouble.

When she was granted a divorce against her husband the court gave the custody of the children to a relative. She took her children to Paris and then to South Africa, but, greatly to her grief, they were taken away from her.

Early in March she made arrangements with her bank that on the 8th of March she should advance her £3,000 to enable her to pay off all of her creditors; and that loan was to have been followed by another for a larger sum.

On that very day, in hot haste, and for no possible reason that counsel could imagine, Mr. Lethbridge, her solicitor, and a Mr. Taylor, who was not really related to the lady, although he was described to the medical men as her uncle, went to a magistrate and asked for a reception order to be signed, under which she might that day be conveyed to an asylum.

Special Train to Asylum.

The gentleman they went to was a coal merchant, but was also undoubtedly a justice of the peace. He was taken to see the lady at a large house in which she was residing, but when he had seen her it was found that he was not qualified to sign a reception order. Another magistrate was at once found, and was persuaded to sign the order without even seeing her. It appeared the gentlemen, or someone, were to make arrangements, so great was their haste, to stop an express train as it passed near the house where she was living, and, when it was found impossible to get her there in time to catch it, a special train was obtained and she was got away in that to the asylum.

Two medical gentlemen who certified as to her condition personally examined her, and came to the conclusion she was a person of unsound mind.

One of them stated as his reason for arriving at that decision that he had observed that she was very much on her guard during his visit, and that she admitted she was very fond of animals and had spent hundreds of pounds sending twenty-four of her pets to Paris in charge of a courier.

Caused by Influenza.

The other medical man said the lady got out of bed while convalescent from an attack of influenza, and, using the bed as a table, cooked a meal of several courses, although there was no one to eat it. He stated that the lady kept a dead dog in her bedroom for several days, and would not have it removed. The lady's explanation of this incident, counsel added, was that she had a very favourite dog who died, and she had it hermetically sealed in a cabinet and kept it in her room.

On March 9 a summons was taken out for the appointment of an interim receiver and committee. Several gentlemen were approached but declined to act, but subsequently Mr. Taylor expressed his willingness to serve in that capacity.

It was in relation to certain costs incurred in these proceedings that the appeal was made, it being urged that the lady should not be called upon to pay for what had been so hastily done.

Their Lordships gave judgment that the lady should pay costs, to the extent to which she had benefited by the proceedings. Order varied accordingly.

HOLIDAY JOY FATAL.

Mrs. Osborn, of 131, Canal-road, E., decided to spend Bank Holiday in the country, but the very prospect of the outing filled her with such joy that, overwrought with excitement, she collapsed on her way to the station and died in a few hours.

Such was the explanation accepted by the jury at the inquest yesterday.

JOYFUL LITTLE FACES.

Thirty-six Thousand Happy Children Brighten London Railway Stations.

Thirty-six thousand happy children of the slums splashed in and out of the great London railway stations yesterday in charge of the voluntary workers of the Children's Country Holiday Fund.

The incoming trains brought back 18,000 sunburned youngsters from a fortnight's holiday in the fields of the Southern Counties. As many more pale but expectant children were hustled into the outgoing trains for a breath of country air.

A crowd of thousand mothers at Liverpool-street fought for the best places on the platform to greet their returning bairns. An extra force of police was required to keep the anxious women in check.

Laden with huge bunches of flowers and wheat, and tiny packages of clothes, 3,000 children swarmed out of the carriages into the arms of their mothers, many of whom protested that they did not know their "Susies" or "Johnnies" beneath the healthy tan on their faces.

"It is a most pitiful scene to see the children crying because they must leave the green fields," said one of the workers to the *Daily Mirror*.

"Surely if people who could spare the money realised what a happy fortnight each child gets at a cost of only 6s., we should get more subscriptions."

BISHOP'S SON MARRIED.

Simple Wedding Ceremony at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

At the marriage of Mr. Conop Fitzroy Stewart Perowne to Miss Florence Moss, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday afternoon, the Rev. Arthur Perowne, of St. George's, Edgubaston, brother of the bridegroom, officiated.

The Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, assisted, and the service was fully choral.

Mr. Perowne is the third son of the late Right Rev. D. Perowne, formerly Bishop of Worcester, and the bride is the younger daughter of the late Mr. C. Moss, of Brighton.

The only bridesmaid, Miss Rosebud Perowne, carried appropriately a basket of moss-roses; and Master Frances Perowne, nephew of the bridegroom, acted as page.

NOVEL CALLING.

Expert "Piano Tracer's" Claim To Surpass in Skill the Famous Sherlock Holmes.

The arrest of Arthur Devereux through the detective work of two "piano tracers" has brought to light the fact that the tracking of pianos, furniture, and sewing-machines for hire traders has become a recognised calling.

A number of the larger hire system furnishing houses have regularly organised detective departments. There are also about a dozen "furniture-tracers" in London who work independently.

"Sherlock Holmes is quite eclipsed by our detective work," said an expert piano tracer to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I sometimes enter a suspected man's house with a will in my pocket made out in his favour. He admits his identity, and we take the fraudulently-obtained furniture."

"At Christmas-time we trap many people into giving their correct names by applying at their doors with turkeys or other gifts."

FIRE POINT BLANK.

Sergeant in Barracks Tries to Kill a Corporal Before His Own Wife's Eyes.

"Clear away at once, or I will fire," shouted Sergeant Cooper to Corporal Crossley at Millbank Barracks early yesterday morning.

Had Crossley not stepped quickly aside, he would have been shot. Cooper carried a carbine, which he threw into the barracks' square, and ran away.

He gave himself up to the police, and at Westminster later he was charged with shooting at Crossley, with intent to murder him.

Called by prisoner's wife to their quarters, where there had already been a scene, Crossley no sooner entered than the incident already described took place.

An officer of the Army Service Corps told Mr. Curtis Bennett that Cooper's accounts were wrong. This had preyed upon his mind. He was sent for trial.

MONEYLENDER'S BORROWINGS.

At yesterday's meeting of creditors of Henry Oliver Fry, who formerly carried on business as a moneylender in Davies-street, Berkeley-square, it was stated that the debtor had himself borrowed money at interest at the rate of sixty per cent.

POISON IN THE HOME.

Grave Phase of the Domestic Servant Problem.

"WEED-KILLER" TEA.

The servant problem is daily proving itself capable of new and remarkable developments.

Of course, the British matron has long since ceased to nurse the pretty fiction that she is the mistress of the house after the advent of a strong-minded and democratic domestic, who has ideas of her own concerning equality of rank and liberty of action and frequent "nights out."

But even the long-suffering British matron, who can survey a spoilt dinner with resignation and turn over Mary Jane's "breakages" only in the secrecy of her boudoir, will regard the new complexity of the servant question with alarm.

It is now suggested that if a mistress ventures to remonstrate with the maid she runs the risk of having her tea doctored with rat-poison administered by revengeful hands—a sort of protest which reveals Mary Jane in quite a new and hardly pleasant light.

There is the risk, too, that the householder runs of being accidentally poisoned by the carelessness of the modern servant.

A case having some bearing on the matter yesterday occupied the attention of the Penge Bench for most of the day.

Mistress First Victim.

A girl of nineteen, Sophia Ethel Bourne by name, was accused of administering poison to Elizabeth Berry Hole, her mistress, and nine other persons, at Upper Norwood.

On June 22 there was some little dispute with the girl. The same day, according to the prosecution, Miss Hole was taken so ill that she was removed to a relative's house at Beckenham-road.

Bourne went with her, and one after the other nine occupants of the place were laid up with the mysterious malady that had laid Miss Hole low.

Subsequently the girl went to a Salvation Army home at Cintra Park, and from there sent to one of the poisoned persons (Miss Jukes) a remarkable confession.

I write this to you in full confession of your illness. On the day we had stewed steak and kidneys by accident I put some stuff into it. I did not like to tell you before the detective who came and asked me some questions, but I was too frightened to tell him anything about it. I feel I cannot stop in Norwood, as this will be the ruin of my life, and I shall have to get on the best way I can.

On the following day Bourne called on Miss Jukes and said it was weed-killer she had put in mistake for salt into the food.

It was noticed that all the patients were very sick after partaking of certain meals prepared while Bourne was at the house, and the master's evidence was to the effect that all the cases arose from ptomaine poisoning. Up to the time of Bourne's arrival at the house, stated one witness, everyone enjoyed good health. The girl had to be checked for disobedience, and when dismissed refused to go until threatened with ejection by the police.

The inquiry stands adjourned.

SUNDAY TRADERS WIN.

Lords of Appeal Side with Humble Vendors Who Work Seven Days a Week.

A striking victory in the Court of Appeal was obtained yesterday by a chipped potatoe merchant of Blackburn, who had been convicted under an Act of King Charles II., for carrying on his business on Sundays.

The local Bench held that the premises were not legitimately a cook-shop, and, therefore, not entitled to exemption under the Act.

Their Lordships, however, said that they were, and quashed the conviction. The decision is important, as nineteen other vendors in the town have been summoned, and their cases were held over pending this appeal.

WHITTINGTON TURNED AGAIN.

Constable Whittington parted from his wife in High-road, Leyton. When he returned a minute later, Harry Haines, of Adelaide-road, Waltham-stow, was insolently holding her arm. For this Haines paid a fine of 10s. and costs at Stratford yesterday.

UBQUIOUS PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

When the Gertrude put into dock Olaf Stalheim, a portrait-painter, went on board without leave.

He may have tried to secure orders for portraits, as he asserted, but it seemed as if he were canvassing the crew for old clothes. For unlawfully boarding the ship he was fined at Thames Police Court yesterday £6 and £4 4s. costs.

M.P.S' MEALS.

Huge Consumption of Dinners "From a Shilling Upwards" at Westminster.

Some interesting statistics have been supplied to the *Daily Mirror* of the catering at the House of Commons during the session now concluding.

No fewer than 105,024 meals have been served to members, who have eaten:—

breakfasts	76	Dinners	26,541
lunches	24,344	Suppers	408
Tea	47,861	Meals at bars	5,984

From which it appears that after all-night sittings few members remain for breakfast.

"On an average," said a member of the kitchen staff to the *Daily Mirror*, "ten sirloins of beef are cooked per day, thirty to thirty-five legs of mutton, and from sixteen to eighteen loins of mutton."

A good dinner, consisting of meat, vegetables, sweets, bread, cheese, and butter, can be had from 1s. upwards. The seven-course 3s. dinner, however, is the most popular with M.P.s.

The receipts of the Kitchen Committee for the six months ending July 29 included the following items:—

Provisions	7,435 9 3	Cigars	859 17 8
Table money	106 4 0	Wines	4,534 18 0

While £3,138 6s. 5d. has been paid in wages and salaries.

That the postmaster of the House of Commons has been busy is proved by the fact that 1,350,720 letters and packets have been delivered to members during the session, while 577,350 have been posted in the House. Over 23,000 ordinary telegrams have been sent and 29,220 Press messages. Stamps were sold to the value of £2,756.

UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Late Caller Unceremoniously Hurlled Into a Sutu-ban Area.

Walking up the steps of a house in Salisbury road, Highgate-hill, at a late hour, an elderly man was seen by a lady passing to knock at the door.

Immediately another man opened the door, took the caller by the shoulders and threw him into the area below. He was picked up in a critical condition.

At North London yesterday the man who opened the door, Albert Lecari, was charged with assault.

He said the man who knocked was drunk and, in trying to prevent the closing of the door, fell back over the coping. He was remanded.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

Father of Her Children Hears Dramatic Denunciation with Bowed Head.

No stage scene could have been more dramatic than that witnessed at Stratford yesterday.

Louisa Jane Pope was again charged with the murder of her two children by drowning them in a tub at Waltham-stow.

"I did it. That man drove me to it," she said, rising in the dock and indicating with outstretched hand the man Collision, the father of the children.

Collision bowed his head and said no more. Later, however, he said that Pope, who was the sister of his dead wife, had been three times in a lunatic asylum.

"I did it. I couldn't help it," again exclaimed Pope upon being committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

FEROCEOUS LIONESS.

Forest-Bred Captive Very Nearly Secures Its Third Victim.

A forest-bred lioness belonging to a travelling menagerie that has already killed two black trainers, made a vicious attack upon her trainer at Riddings, Derbyshire.

Captain Lambeth has had charge of the beast, which is called Victoria, for the last three years, and she has frequently shown signs of her untamable spirit. He was entering the cage when the lioness sprang at him.

Fortunately the terrible claws missed the man's body, but one of his hands was badly torn, and he escaped with difficulty.

Where To Go,

How to get there, and Where to stay—All in the "Daily Mirror" Resort Guide, Price 3d.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Is the Married Woman of To-day
Inferior to Her Grandmother?

WHY MEN DO NOT MARRY.

The controversy on this fruitful topic produces such a vast number of letters that we must apologise to those many correspondents whose views we cannot find room for. We have made the best selection we can:—

FRIGHTENED OF MATRIMONY.

There is no question of the hindrance of the majority of wives to their ambitious husbands. If the present-day wives thought less of "gadding about," donning finery, and indulging in general frivolity, the ranks of the married would at least number two pairs more. TWO BACHELORS.
Endsleigh-gardens, Cranbrook Park.

OLD MEN'S DARLINGS.

I wonder if many of your readers will agree with me when I say (in nine cases out of ten) how much more consideration husbands who are many years their wives' seniors show than those who are young. But girls of the present day (there are exceptions) marry for "a home," and when they get that their aim is enjoyment. There are few who can bake, mend, and "brew" as our grandmothers did in the "good old days." A KENTISH OLD MAID.

NO TIME FOR DOMESTICITY.

City girls generally complain that they have no time for domestic duties. Of course they haven't. Say, nine hours sleep, ten hours work (including getting there), and during the other five hours it is very important that they should take shop, sleeves, and hockey. It is all very well talking about "pushing times," but what business man engages a lady (or otherwise) for strenuous work? J. D. Clapham, S.W.

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS.

I notice the theatres have already picked up your ingenious heading for this correspondence. In that amusing little play, "Lucky Miss Dean," the heroine now says she has determined when she marries to be "a help, not a hindrance," to her husband. The remark was greeted with amused cheers of recognition when I saw the piece. Hotel Albemarle, W. C. F. O'D.

SYMPATHETIC AND ECONOMICAL.

It seems to me that a girl who knows what it is to work in the City, or elsewhere, all day in order to earn her living, would, when married, understand why her husband feels tired and worried when he comes home after a long day of work, and would know the best way of sympathising with him. I also believe that she would realise the value of her husband's money much more than a girl who has never had to earn it, but who has had everything found for at home, with no knowledge as to how hardy it is gained. AN ENGLISH GIRL.
Onslow-gardens, Muswell Hill.

A BITTER EXPERIENCE.

I heartily endorse the views of "A Mere Man." If men treated their wives as human beings and not as toys in the early days of married life, and merely as cooking and housekeeping machines and the pride of possession has worn off, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. I am a sad and broken-hearted woman, and few of my age have had my experience, for which I have only to thank the selfishness and cruelty of men.

I was married at eighteen to a man older than myself, who tried to be as soon as my health became delicate, which it soon did. He neglected me and spent far more money on his own pleasures than on our home. After we had been married sixteen months he died, leaving me only debts and a baby-girl to provide for. I did provide for her and myself, but I was, after eighteen months, induced to make another bid for happiness, and married again, this time to a man who in less than twelve months gave me good cause for divorce.

I lived a lonely, unhappy life after that tragedy for some years, during which the sorrow and disgust wore off somewhat, and then I married for the third time—a man who proved an unconscionable brute—one whom doctors describe as a degenerate. He heaped horror upon horror on me till I could bear no more, so I divorced him.

I am now forty, with nothing in the world to live for. The future holds no hope for me. I can honestly say that these men have had no excuse so far as I am concerned for treating me like this.

I have been, and am even now, good-looking, and have what some have called charm. I have had for some years a good income, which has been spent in the home. I am home-loving, and have always striven to be a help, yet here I am lonely and sad. I marvel that God allows such things to be. THREE TIMES MARRIED.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Eight Half-Guineas for Ramsgate and
Bridlington—More Prize Winners.

Great interest is being taken in the *Daily Mirror* holiday group competitions. Each day we offer eight prizes of half a guinea each.

To-day four half-guineas go to Skegness and four to Dover.

On page 11 you will find groups of holiday-makers at both places. Can you see yourself? If so, mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C. If you are one of the four persons we have selected half a guinea will be forwarded to you. In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

To-morrow eight half-guineas go to

HUNSTANTON AND FOLKESTONE.

Photographs of holiday crowds at these places will be published, and prizes of half-a-guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group of Hunstanton and four at Folkestone.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at most of the big seaside resorts, including:—

Aberystwyth.	Fleetwood.	Southsea.
Bournemouth.	Hastings and St. Leonards.	Southdown.
Brighton.	Ilfracombe.	St. Anne's.
Clacton.	Lowestoft.	Weston-super-Mare.
Cromer.	Morcambe.	Weymouth.
Eastbourne.	Rhyl.	Worthing.
Fellshawe.	Southport.	
Filly.		

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has

LAST NIGHT'S

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is motoring in Wales, and a trip up the Wye Valley from Maeslwlch Castle has especially delighted him.

Nine cattle have succumbed to poison through eating yew at Blankney Park, Lincolnshire.

Thousands of eels are being found dead or dying in Norfolk rivers. The recent great heat is supposed to be the cause.

Three large cotton-spinning firms in the Ashton-under-Lyne district yesterday conceded the advance of 5 per cent. asked for by the workers.

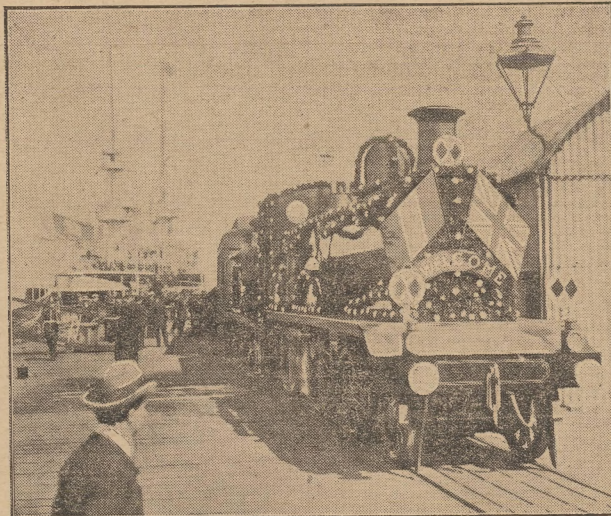
Top-hats were de rigueur when the boys of Chigwell (Essex) Grammar School turned out and manned the local fire-engine at a recent outbreak of fire in the town.

Mr. John Thorpe, whose death has just occurred at Swineshead, Lincolnshire, in his ninety-third year, was born and died in the same house, and lived in it all his life.

When the proceeds of a bazaar held at Lytham (Lancashire), in aid of St. Paul's Church building fund, were totalled it was found that they realised the peculiar sum of £1,111 11s. 11d.

Compressed coal-gas as a new method of propulsion for barges has been successfully tried on the Bridgewater Canal. It is estimated that only 200 cubic feet of gas will be needed to drive a vessel of sixty tons for one hour at a speed of 44 miles per hour, and fewer hands will be required on board. A single charge of gas will suffice to work a loaded boat for twelve hours.

FRENCH OFFICERS' TRIP TO LONDON.



Special train conveying officers of the French fleet to London for the luncheon at the Guildhall leaving Portsmouth Dockyard yesterday.

been sent, in the competitions at Ramsgate and Bridlington are as follows:—

RAMSGATE.

Mrs. Marshall, 11, Broad-street, Ramsgate.
Miss Ada Dyer, 20, Cavendish-street, Ramsgate.
C. Barling, c.o. Mrs. Bigg, Rushbourne, East Cliff, Ramsgate.
Arthur Bullivant, 78, Ennorsdale-road, Lewisham, S.E.

BRIDLINGTON.

Miss Mabel Ireland, 5, Clarence-road, Bridlington.
Miss M. A. Henderson, 1, Warden-villas, Lancaster-road, New Barnet, Herts.
James Atkinson, Royal Pavilion, Bridlington.
Fred Sayer, c.o. Miss Coverdale, 8, Regent-terrace, Bridlington.

£250,000 MANSION.

Tobacco King Plans a Princely Estate of 2,000 Acres with a Thirteen-Acre Lake.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—News comes from Somerville, N.J., that Mr. James B. Duke, the multi-millionaire, who presides over the American Tobacco Company, has already spent thousands in transforming a dozen farms in the Raritan Valley into a 2,000-acre park.

He also proposes to excavate thirteen acres of land for an artificial lake, the construction of a reservoir covering fourteen acres on the highest elevation in the valley, and the building of a terrace 100 ft. high, covering eight acres, as a site for a £250,000 residence, to be erected next year.

Judge Raikes, at Scarborough County Court, suggested that some of the small tradesmen who went to that court should "go to a night school and learn elementary bookkeeping."

Under the name of thiniol black, a synthetic black dye discovered and introduced by a Manchester firm of manufacturing chemists is expected to replace logwood black for dyeing cotton piece-goods.

The two travelling bears mentioned in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* as the cause of a serious trap accident near Bridlington have been ordered to leave the borough, together with their singing guardians.

On the authority of the chairman of the Harrogate Baths Committee it is stated that the sulphur water at that famous resort contains radium, and it has been decided to have a special analysis of all the mineral waters.

Mr. John Wade, who has just died at Sleaford, was for many years head gamekeeper to Lord Bristol. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were gamekeepers before him, and he has been succeeded by his son.

Mr. Ted Heaton, whose recent plucky though unsuccessful attempt to swim the English Channel will be remembered, has been appointed superintendent of Cornwallis-street Baths, Liverpool, a post worth £120 a year, with a house.

In view of a probable general election, an old member of the prize-ring, living in Whitechapel, has just opened an establishment for the supply of "protectors" to parliamentary candidates. He already numbers a few members of Parliament among his patrons.

SAND-CASTLES CONTEST.

How Guineas May Be Earned by
Little Builders at the Seaside.

RAMSGATE TO-DAY.

There will be great excitement on the beach at Ramsgate this afternoon when the *Daily Mirror* sand-castle building contest takes place.

Since the announcement of the competition, arranged in the hope of interesting and instructing the little castle-builders at most of our seaside towns, there has been much digging of sand and the devising of all kinds of new castles—castles more romantic even than those of which the little builders have read in their story-books.

This afternoon there will be a busy crowd of youngsters on the stretch of sands roped off for the purposes of our competition.

Mr. Dowling, the Mayor of Ramsgate, with his daughter, who is the Mayoress, and Councillor Moses, chairman of the Sands Committee, intend to be present and assist in the judging.

Anyone under the age of twenty-one years may take part, any kind of tools may be used, and any kind of castle may be built.

There is one important condition, and that is that each competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

Competitors may work by themselves or in a party of not more than six persons. If they elect to work in a party they must appoint a leader, who, in the event of the success of the party, will receive the prize.

Here is a little advice. Before you commence it will be well to fix on the plan you intend to follow, and, having decided on what you are going to build, stick to it. Don't pay too much attention to other people's suggestions which may confuse.

If you are going to work in a party select a leader, and having chosen your commander obey him.

The contest commences at two o'clock this afternoon. Take your bucket and spade and whatever other tools you wish to use, and don't forget that you must have a copy of the *Daily Mirror*. The second contest will be held at Margate to-morrow.

IN BUYING MOOD.

Stock Exchange Eagerly Welcomes Slight
Revival of Business.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—Although the French reception at the Guildhall took a certain number of members away, and business was slack enough even for holiday times, yet the Stock Exchange rather had its buying boots on yesterday. Copper shares, which nowadays have become quite a speculative favourite on the prospects of the metal, were in full swing again. There was beating of the big drum, too, in the American market, with tall talk about crop prospects and one thing or another. And the investment brokers who do bargain-hunting were seen hovering about the gilt-edged section, where there were rumours that several stocks were below intrinsic values, and a levelling-up process was going on. Consols kept a stiff front at 90½, with bidding at the close, and that helped.

The Bank rate is unchanged. The Bank return shows a decrease of £453,000 in the reserve.

Apparently believers in peace as a result of the negotiations backed their views in Japanese bonds, which were all better. And as Paris was in cheerful mood Foreigners left very little to be desired.

Kaffirs were of little account, but the Transvaal gold output was a record. It showed that the July output was 419,505oz., and this did something to stimulate the market at the finish. Other mining sections showed little of interest.

There was buying of electric-lighting shares, the Power Bill scare being a thing of the past. Apparently, too, there is hope of peace in the cotton trade, for textiles were bought. The disastrous Allsopp report being worse than a year ago, naturally Allsopps were sold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BROKER (P. B. F.): We forward you the name of a reliable broker, with whom you had better communicate and make your own terms.—INVESTMENT (Shopkeeper): We have been better.—COLOMBIANS (A. J.): We see no advantage.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1905.

AN OUT-OF-DATE IDEA.

ONE of the special correspondents at Portsmouth remarked yesterday that the French naval officers were surprised at the exuberance of the welcome given to them, and were asking one another: "Why are these cold and phlegmatic people in such a state of mind?"

If they asked that at Portsmouth, the query must have occurred to them with even greater force in London yesterday. The capital had made up its mind to show its visitors what it could do in the way of enthusiasm. Experienced observers say it beat its own record—not in point of numbers, but in point of noise.

More than ever our French friends must have marvelled last night at the absence of the "phlegmatic coldness" they had been taught to expect in England. They must have contrasted the cheering crowds they found everywhere with the calm demeanour of their own people in similar circumstances. They must surely have said to themselves that they had formed a wrong view of the English character.

And so they had, and so have nearly all foreigners. The idea that Englishmen are hard to move, not easily excited, that they take everything calmly and without showing any particular interest, is a relic of the past.

When England was an agricultural country and the population was scattered, most of her inhabitants found it difficult to express their emotions. They had very little practice. They scarcely ever came together in crowds. They were shy with strangers, shy with each other even, reserved, distant, unsocial.

The gathering together of the mass of the population in cities has worked a complete change. It has made the English character more emotional, more excitable. English people are readier to display their feelings. They take (and show) great pleasure in public pageants. They are quite pleased to work off their latent enthusiasm upon any pretext.

The fact is, the Englishman used to have no nervous system at all. Now he has got, if anything, too much. H. H. F.

A FARCE.

The ending of another session leaves the House of Commons lower in the nation's estimation than ever.

As a business assembly, it is a farce. It used to be called a convenient club for old gentlemen from the country. Something might be said for it as a pleasant tea-shop (without payment) for ladies. As a machine for carrying on the business of the country, it is as ridiculous as George Stephenson's "Rocket" would be attached to one of the Grouse Trains to the North.

The amount of legislative work done this session is contemptible. The Government and the Opposition have both wasted time—the former by reason of not knowing their own minds, the latter upon childish obstruction, feeble Votes of Censure, and so forth.

As a consequence the House has not even performed faithfully its duty of looking after public expenditure. One night lately thirty millions of money were voted in an hour or two. It is little use to complain of Government Offices wasting money after it has been wasted. They ought not to get money so easily to waste.

The only way to improve Parliament is to reform it altogether. To begin with, pay members a small salary and their election expenses, and see that they attend to their duties. Make the House do a sensible day's work from noon till six or seven o'clock. Abolish all antiquated rules of procedure.

Not until these preliminary steps are taken will the House of Commons be any good as a watchdog of the national interests. E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labour, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck relies on chance, labour on character. —Cobden

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ALTHOUGH the French fleet have gone into Portsmouth Harbour and the Channel Squadron are anchored off Spithead, there is still a considerable amount of gaiety of one sort and another going on at Coves, and luncheon and dinner parties on board the various yachts are the order of the day and the night. After dinner many people come ashore and sit in the grounds listening to the excellent music provided by Herr Kandt's band. Hundreds of lounge chairs are provided, with little rugs or mats to prevent the feet getting damp, and as the evenings have all, with one exception, been warm, the gardens have been well patronised.

Lord and Lady Iveagh's party has been reinforced by the arrival of the German Ambassador, Count Wolff Metternich, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guinness. Lord Iveagh is delighted with his beautiful new schooner, *Cetonia II.*, which was really built for Mr. Singer, but purchased by Lord Iveagh, who gave her the name of his old boat that

Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princess Ena, are having a very pleasant time at Osborne Cottage, and every afternoon they pay visits to the royal yacht to see the King and Queen, or else to some houses in the district. Princess Christian, when staying with her sister, is usually unattended by any Lady-in-Waiting. She will stay in the island for a little while, and then goes off on a tour of visits.

Congratulations to Mr. London Ronald, the great part of his life has been spent in organisation—in arranging concerts over the telephone, interviewing people, and so forth. Sometimes he has to compose his songs in the midst of all this.

Not long ago I heard an amusing account of one of Mr. Ronald's mornings. He was occupied in

cession of naval officers of the united countries passed along the Thames Embankment eastward to Guildhall, there to place the City seal on the great entrance cordial.

Our American cousins have a delightful way of conducting their private business operations in view of the entire world. An attractive instance of this is the way in which Mr. Paul Kester, the American playwright, known to the English public as the author of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," has just purchased a castle in Westmorland by cable. Now, after conducting the arrangements with the rapidity of lightning, he has only to enter his new home as though it had been in his family for centuries.

Mr. Paul Kester's story reminds me of a fellow-countryman of his whose business-like methods in connection with dinner arrangements I once had the privilege of witnessing. This gentleman had a strong objection to London as a place of residence, and he only used his rooms here as a kind of dining club. In the morning of any day on which he had decided to give a dinner he would compose a stupendous telegram to his chef in London, giving the menu, the colour of the table decorations, the wines to be put in readiness, and all the other directions he thought advisable. Then, in the evening, he would arrive like an ordinary guest, only a little early, and find all prepared in advance.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"CRUEL" SPORT.

Many of your correspondents seem to favour hunting as a means of healthful exercise. But they could obtain their end in this connection without torturing animals, if they chose.

Hunting on a drag would afford good exercise to horseman or pedestrian. As to pace, you have the matter entirely in your own hands, and also the selection of the general line you desire should be taken.

At a preparatory school of ninety boys near Chester the drag hunt has been in use for many years, and the headmaster says that both assistant masters and scholars find in it "any amount of healthy and interesting exercise without cruelty." I can give this gentleman's name to anyone really anxious to promote this class of sport.

Wokingham. (Rev.) J. STRATTON.

"WHILE MOTHER IS AT WORK."

Permit me, owing to the interest I take in this matter, to trespass.

I have read Lady Kinnoull's eloquent appeal on behalf of "day nurseries for the children of working mothers," and I believe these nurseries, if successful, will supply one of the most vital needs of the day.

I had the privilege of being present at the opening ceremony of this infants' haven, and was charmed with all I saw.

The whole interior, painted white, the spotted beds and cradles, the baths, the miniature Windsor chairs with tables to match, various toys, bright flowers, in short, a palace of cheerful brightness. Wendover. M. E. BURTON.

TASTEFUL DECORATION IN THE CITY.

I should like to inquire through the medium of your paper why the decoration authorities (whoever they may be) of the City have thought fit to convert Queen-street, Cheapside, into what is apparently intended to be the representation of an international washing-day.

At the corner of Queen-street and Cheapside the truly marvellous creation which greets the wandering eyes of our republican friends consists of a suspended green and white umbrella arrangement, adorned with red, white, blue, and yellow festoons, and topped with a regal crown, the emblem monarchy! Queen Victoria-street, E.C. LITTLE WILLY.

SIDE-SADDLE OR ASTRIDE?

By a strange coincidence, whilst I was in York-shire last week I saw for the first time a girl riding astride, and this was the day after I read "Colonial's" letter in the *Daily Mirror*. The rider looked very graceful and not at all unusual. Possibly this was accounted for by her wearing a very becoming dress, consisting of a rather military-looking cloak covering the shoulders and falling on the horse behind, a short skirt reaching just to the knees, riding breeches, and gaiters of soft cloth. Finchley. KATE WEST.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 10.—The beautiful pink hydrangeas are now in full bloom. It is strange that these plants are not often grown out of doors, for, if given a position near a sheltering wall, they live (even in cold districts) through the severest of winters. The flowers of hydrangeas often vary in colour; if planted in soil containing iron they appear tinged with blue. Water in which alum has been dissolved given to the plants will produce the same curious effect. This is an interesting experiment to try. E. F. T.

OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



After an unusually profitless session, during which members of Parliament have behaved more than ever like schoolboys, the political term at Westminster now comes to an end. When the House of Commons meets again will it be under the same Leader? Many people still expect a general election in the autumn.

has proved so victorious in the past. Lord and Lady Iveagh and their guests, when not racing, have lunch and dinner on board their yacht, and return to the house to sleep.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller Mundy have given several luncheon and dinner parties on the Narcissus, which has been quite one of the show yachts of the week. The other afternoon the King went on board and stayed for quite a long time, making a most careful inspection of the turbine engines. The Narcissus certainly is a magnificent ship in every way and is fitted up with all the care and comforts of a house. It is said that she cost over £200,000, and those who have seen her will have no difficulty in believing it.

One or two yachts have taken their departure for various parts, amongst them the Santa Maria, with Lord and Lady Llangattock, who have one son and one daughter on board with them. The Santa Maria yesterday steamed away to Scotland, and Lord Llangattock intends to enjoy a lot of cruising about up north. Lord and Lady Brassey have taken their departure in the Sunbeam, and to-morrow Mrs. Potter Palmer gives up the White Lady which she hired for a fortnight, and with which she is perfectly delighted.

finishing a series of songs. Suddenly a call at the telephone, and a request for a funeral march to be used in memory of Queen Victoria. Mr. Ronald promises to write the march by Saturday. Then another call and a request for a song to be used a musical comedy before three days. All the work thus showered upon him Mr. Ronald manages to accept and accomplish without difficulty. When he was a tiny child he had already decided, it is said, to become what he called "three C's"—critic, composer, and conductor, and a letter still exists in which he announces this intention to his mother.

London is in the hands—the friendly hands—of the French to-day. Over every public building floats the Tricolour. Paris society has taken by storm the great palace of luxury, the Savoy Hotel. In the Savoy Restaurant the familiar voice of our American cousins is silenced by the more melodious accents of our French brothers and sisters, who have filled the hotel, which always enjoys such large French patronage, to witness London's reception to their brave countrymen. The Savoy tables are charmingly decorated with flowers of red and white and blue. The "Eco de Napoli" band discourses nothing but French compositions, whilst beneath the windows yesterday the brilliant pro-



NEWS IN VIEWS



BONMARTINI PRISONERS IN COURT.



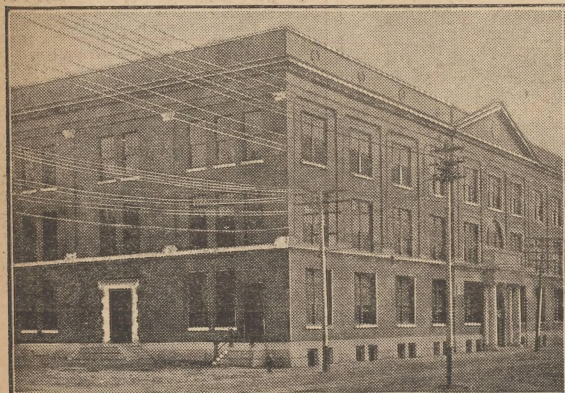
Signor Tullio Murri, Dr. Secchi, and Countess Linda Bonmartini, the three principal prisoners accused of complicity in the murder of Count Bonmartini, photographed in the dock of the court at Turin. The trial has been one of the longest and most dramatic on record.

RIVER ROMANCE.



Mr. G. A. Olley, the well-known cyclist, and holder of the recently established record for the ride from Land's End to John o'Groat's, who was yesterday married to—

WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS BEING HELD.



The Navy Building at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S.A., where M. Witte and Baron Komura are meeting to discuss the proposals for peace between Russia and Japan.



—Miss Rose Mabel King, whom he rescued from drowning in the river near Thames Ditton two or three years ago.—(Ellis and Walery.)

LORD METHUEN DIRECTS MANOEUVRES OF ESSEX VOLUNTEERS.



Lord Methuen receiving information as to the whereabouts of "the enemy" from a scout during the Essex Volunteer manoeuvres around Colchester. The manoeuvres were carried out under practically war-time conditions, and were a great success.

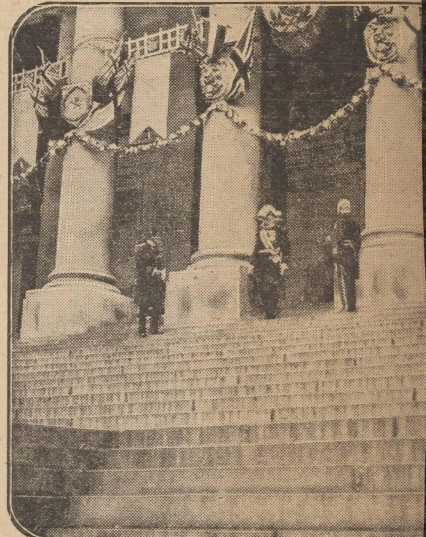
VISIT OF THE FRENCH



Admiral Caillard landing at Portsmouth to return the visit of the Mayor of the town, who had previously greeted the Admiral on board the French flagship. Immediately following the Admiral's arrival, the photograph is Flag-Captain Phillimore.



Vice-Admiral Caillard on the bridge of the Masséna, King Edward as his Majesty passed through the fleets in the harbor. Flag-Captain Phillimore, in special attendance, is standing just behind the Admiral.

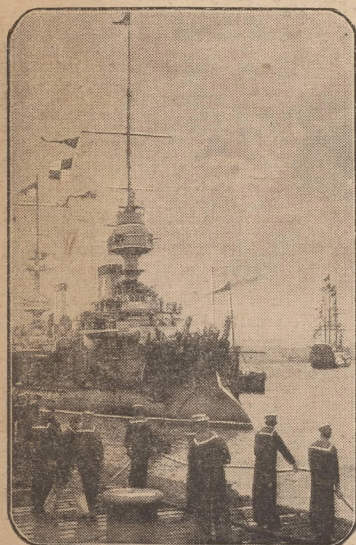


Snapshot of the Commander of the French squadron, Admiral Caillard, on the steps of the Town Hall, as he was after paying his official visit to the Mayor of Portsmouth. He expressed to the mayor his deep appreciation of the splendid reception prepared by the town for the French officers and

THE FLEET: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PORTSMOUTH AND SOUTHSEA.



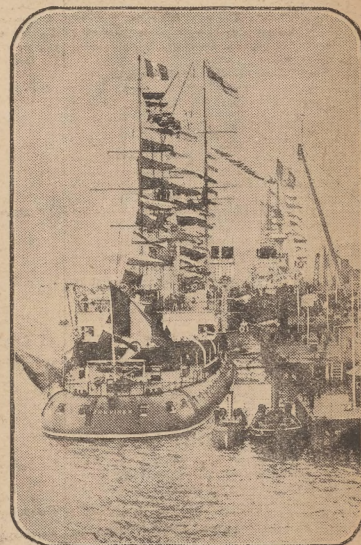
What Southsea beach looked like as the French fleet was entering Portsmouth Harbour. A downfall of rain failed to drive the crowd away from the beach, whence a fine view of the magnificent ships-of-war could be obtained, but all the gaiety of summer costume was eclipsed by waterproofs and umbrellas.



Bringing the French flagship Masséna to her position at the dockyard quay in Portsmouth harbour. It is interesting to note that she was moored by bluejackets from Nelson's old flagship H.M.S. Victory, which can be seen in the background of our photograph.



Group of French bluejackets belonging to the Leon Gambetta, photographed as they were listening to the translation by an English visitor to the warship of an account in the *Daily Mirror* of the naval festivities. Afterwards the paper was handed round, and the French sailors were delighted with the photographs of their fleet.



French battleships moored off the dockyard quays at Portsmouth. The photograph was taken from the deck of the French flagship Masséna. The foremost vessel is the Bouvines.

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

By Coralie Stanton
and Heath Hosken.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SABRA VALLENCE—A beautiful young girl, living with her uncle, Canon Vallence, in the manufacturing town of Sialk, Magdalen, in the Midlands. Her aunt Ursula tries to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, but with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, Sabra finds the sacrifice too great, and gives her heart to

DICK DANGERVILLE—Son and heir of

LORD BLANQUART DE BALLOI—Who lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of unparalleled family reverses, which culminated in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England, to

SAMUEL SWINDOVER—A crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich; hated by all for his incessant brag and brutal manners. He is known in the City as "The Hog." Though he has sent invitation after invitation to Lord Blanquart, the latter has continually made excuse, and cannot bend his pride to visit the parvenu, who now owns the old home of his family. But Swindover has Lord Blanquart, who has been raising money on his mortgage remaining possessions, in his power. The peer does not know that it is in reality Swindover who holds the mortgages and bills that cannot be met. Now, just as Swindover has resolved to foreclose and ruin him, Lord Blanquart arrives at the castle and asks to see him.

CHAPTER IV.

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and killed.

"Lord Blanquart de Balloi wishes to know if you are at home, sir, and whether his lordship can see you?"

A sudden and remarkable change came over Samuel Swindover. A dull crimson flush spread itself over his flabby cheeks. He stood for a moment, his mouth open, his pendulous jaw dropping, like a great bull fascinated by a snake. His hands shook visibly.

His eyes were fixed on the servant. The man had been with Lord Blanquart. Under his trained stolidity, he looked scared.

The next moment a flood of words was pouring from Swindover's lips, while his fat, berated hands gesticulated wildly.

"Show his lordship up! You fool, what are you standing there gaping at? What's there peculiar about Lord Blanquart de Balloi paying me a friendly visit? We're neighbours, ain't we? No—don't show his lordship up! Ask him to wait in the study. In the study, d'y'e hear? Get out, you—"

The footman disappeared. Swindover turned to Adolphus Courcy, who stood, transfixed with amazement, near the door, with the letters that he had just written in his hand.

The millionaire was breathing hard. His strange little yellow-flecked eyes looked lurid, almost red with triumph.

"I'll keep him waiting ten minutes by the clock," he said. He laughed. The triumph of it, the hideous, over-weening self-satisfaction, made the other man sick.

Swindover touched a bell, and another footman answered the summons.

"Bring cigars," said the master. "The new brand in the special cabinet, and whisky, brandy, wine, liqueurs, and be quick about it! And mind you hang about when his lordship comes out of the study, the lot of you! What do I keep a regiment of you for? You can earn a bit of your wages by showing yourselves."

The man withdrew. The next five minutes made Adolphus Courcy wonder how, even for the sake of the mines of Golconda, he could bring himself to serve this man.

The footman and two of his fellows brought in the cigars—a huge gold box of them—the spirit stand, an exquisite ivory and silver table, bearing delicate Venetian goblets and decanters on a golden tray.

Swindover stalked about, red in the face, directing them, making them place the two biggest, most heavily gilded chairs in the room on either side of the fireplace, the table in the middle. He sent them away with an oath. He paced the room, panting with excitement. Once more he walked with triumph and shouted at his secretary, with the heavy, ponderous, condescending jocularities that betrayed him in the best of humours; a second later his wandering eyes and flustered hands made one think of a nervous cottager who is about to receive a visit from his King.

"Give me the letters," said Swindover, when the ten minutes were up, "and when Lord Blanquart comes in you may go." He laughed loudly. "We shan't want any witnesses to our friendly little talk, my lord and me." He went on muttering to himself. "He's come at last—at last! Sooner than I thought. I'm damned if it isn't sooner than I expected."

Then he rang the bell again and enjoyed one of the great moments of life, when he sent his summons to the waiting peer.

It seemed a trifling thing in itself, a visit from a man who had hitherto refused to know him; but it was in a way the consummation of Swindover's ambition. It was the thing that had eluded his grasp longer than any other prize that he had coveted. It had become an obsession; it was the first necessary step in a plan beside the fulfilment of which the mighty Croesus felt that nothing else mattered. He had everything else; he wanted this.

Lord Blanquart, having walked from the study through serried ranks of violet and silver footmen, now entered the room. Adolphus Courcy passed

him, as he went out, and saluted him respectfully. The old peer gave him the curt but courteous nod that a man bestows on an equal of whom he disapproves.

He advanced into the gorgeous, gilded, indescribably vulgar castle, that had once been the pride of Balliol Castle, looking like the ghost of a great general, so upright, so military, so commanding, and so deathly white.

A great, unimpaired figure of the millionaire was planted firmly on the hearthrug. He did not come forward to meet his visitor. He held out his hand with a smile of insolent familiarity on his face. But his eyes had a furtive, curious look in them. It was as if, from the first, he tried to measure his man.

Lord Blanquart ignored the outstretched hand. He held himself as stiff as a soldier on parade; his fine old face was as grim as death.

"Mr. Swindover," he began in a voice ringing like steel; then he gave an involuntary, dazed, horror-stricken look around him, and for a second his eyes closed as if he could not bear to look again. He had heard that disastrous changes had been made in the castle, but this awful, tawdry, glittering hideousness heaped up in the King's Room! The Blanquarts had always been staunch Royalists, and the room was a sacred place for the sake of the martyred King.

Swindover, whom nothing escaped, had seen the look, the horror, the closed eyes. Before Lord Blanquart could say another word, he broke out, with effusive familiarity:

"Now, I call this friendly of you, my lord, coming to see me like this. You've taken your time to consider whether you and I are to be friends, but all's well that ends well. I'm glad to see you, my lord. What's the good of bad blood? That's what I say. And between neighbours, too! Not a bit of good. And now you're broken, and here, I hope, we'll all settle down nice and friendly, with profit and advantage to us all. Take a look round, my lord! What d'you think of my little restorations—eh? See what you can do with a place when you spend a bit o' money on it. Tasty, ain't it? Real solid value—all of it. That picture, for instance, Judith cutting off some chap's head, cost me three thousand. It's by Fleetwood, most expensive modern artist going. A bit of all right, ain't it? But sit down, my lord! Sit down, and then we can have a cosy little chat."

But the old peer did not move. He stood erect, like a lance, a few paces from the great gilded chair, and looked steadily, with his glance of steel and ice, into the millionaire's face. His voice was perfect, polite and perfectly expressionless.

"I shall not detain you more than a few moments, Mr. Swindover," he said. "I think you are under some misapprehension as to the object of my visit. I come on business—"

"Then let it wait," cried Swindover, with ponderous emphasis. "Look here, my dear old friend, Blanquart, let's come to terms, you and I. I don't bear you no malice, although you've been so damned stuck-up and stand-offish. I suppose it was natural. It ain't pleasant to be down on one's luck. Good Lord, I've been there myself many a time, as the song says. But now you've taken the first step—"

"Mr. Swindover," interrupted Lord Blanquart, "I repeat that I have come to see you on business. I don't want to waste your valuable time." The old man had not moved a muscle of his stony face, or appeared to notice the odious familiarity of the millionaire's address.

"Well, sit down, my lord, and take a cigar!" A hoarse note had come into Swindover's voice; two dull crimson spots were beginning to spread over his flabby cheeks. "You may as well make yourself comfortable, even if you do want to talk business. I can recommend these cigars." He waved an inviting hand towards the huge golden box. "Cost me seven-and-six pence, bought by the thousand—called after me, too! Flor de Swindover! Ha, ha!"

"Thank you," said Lord Blanquart. "I do not smoke."

An evil gleam came into the yellow-flecked eyes. The hoarse note deepened in the fat, discordant voice.

"Don't, or won't, my lord? I've got some six-penny Bocks, if they're more to your lordship's line."

"I don't smoke, thank you," repeated the icy voice. "Will you listen to what I have to say, Mr. Swindover?"

The two men measured glances, and Swindover threw his head back, with exaggerated carelessness, into one of the big, gilded chairs.

"What do you want, my lord?" he muttered sullenly.

"I want to know whether you will arrange another loan?"

"Do you, my lord?" inquired Swindover, with a smile that displayed all his ugly, discoloured teeth. "How much?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

"Ten thousand!" A note of mockery came into the grating voice. "And what does your lordship want it for?"

"I ask a plain question, Mr. Swindover. I do not want to argue the point."

"But here I can answer you, my lord, I must know where your lordship stands."

"It is a matter of business."

"And what do you call business, my lord?" asked Swindover. Suddenly the strong man had started out, the man who was supreme in the financial world, the man whom no other living man had ever been able to bluff.

Lord Blanquart, with an obvious effort, began to speak. "I come to you as a last resource," he said. "I have tried to borrow from my bankers, and failed. I have no credit left. Six months ago I thought to retrieve my fortunes. I had been lucky for once in some speculations, and I invested all that I had in the Tenterden Water Works. The company failed, and I have just discovered that you, Mr. Swindover, constituted that company, and started another rival company, which entirely swamped the first."

Swindover nodded, with a smile of scarcely-concealed malice. "I had to raise a mortgage on Dangerville Hall," Lord Blanquart continued, "and to negotiate some bills, which are now falling due. With the proceeds of these transactions I paid off my liabilities. And now, my lord, I am raising ten thousand pounds before next week, I am a ruined man—a bankrupt. The interest on the mortgage is months overdue; they are threatening to foreclose."

"Are they, my lord?" Swindover rose slowly and heavily from his chair, and walked over to a large desk, a marvel of rosewood, over-decorated with gilded bronze. He opened the drawer with the key that hung on his watch chain, and took out a sheaf of papers. "It may interest you, my lord," he went on, "to learn that it's Sam Swindover who's threatening to foreclose, and Sam Swindover who holds your bills, that he's renewed twice—and refuses to renew again."

For the first time Lord Blanquart betrayed a sign of emotion. He took a step forward, and gripped the back of the great, gilded chair.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"That, as far as I can make out, your lordship don't owe a penny, except your lordship's personal debts, to anyone but me, and if I was to arrange a new loan it would be uncommonly like robbing Peter to pay Paul."

"I don't understand," said the old peer in a dazed voice. "How can such things be? It wasn't you—"

"You wouldn't understand if I was to explain," said the millionaire, with a brutal laugh. "You're a bird of paradise, my lord, an ornament of society. You shouldn't meddle with business. You swell with knowledge about it, or about life, either. Why don't you go smash? That's the easiest way. They'd be bound to do something for you. Most creditors simply love a man like you."

"It is you, Mr. Swindover," said Lord Blanquart, and his voice had regained its steely ring, who do not understand the meaning of the word disgrace."

"Well, sit down, my lord, and have a drink and a smoke, and talk it over. Surely you don't mind sitting down and having a chat with your only creditor, who's willing to meet your lordship in every way?"

There was something akin to a whine in the man's voice. At that moment he would have made Lord Blanquart a rich man for life, if the old peer would have sat down and smoked with him and toasted him as if he were an equal, or a trusted subordinate, or even one of the farmers on the estate. There was something pathetic about it, or, at least, if the man were not so innately repulsive, there would have been.

Lord Blanquart did not move, and the dull crimson hue of Swindover's cheeks became purple.

"You're pig-headed, my lord," he said thickly. "You call it pride. Well, what have you got to be so mighty proud of, compared with me? Why do you treat me like dirt under your feet? What's the matter with me, I'd like to know? Ain't I got reason to be proud, compared with you and the likes of you? What have you done? Would you like to know what I've done? I'll tell you."

He moved away from the desk, still holding the papers in his hand, and came and stood opposite Lord Blanquart, in a bullying, almost threatening attitude.

"Do you know what I am," he said violently. "Do you know what I was? I'll tell you as man to man, and you'll tell me whether I ain't got reason to be proud. I was the youngest of a big family; they're all dead now, thank the Lord! My father was a pawnbroker in Hoxton, small, flourishing sort of business, that bust up when the old man was sent to goal for receiving stolen goods. I was always the smartest of the lot. I could always tell a brass wedding ring from a gold one at a glance, which was useful on Saturday nights, when there was no time to tell 'em; I could tell whether a chap had pinched the things he brought us by looking at his face. The old man always said 'Sam'll go a way; he knows men and women. That's what's wanted.' A knowledge of human nature, my lord, that's what's made me what I am. And then—"

"I don't wish to hear any more, Mr. Swindover," said Lord Blanquart, with a cold fury in his voice. "Your past history does not interest me. I want to know what you are going to do with regard to the mortgage and the bills."

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SOME PITIFUL CASES.

"Once again the piteous cry of the "penny-an-hour" worker has cut its way like a knife into the very heart of the woman-world, which wears as ornament what has been to its maker a self-stitched death-shroud.

This time the cry rose from an artificial flower-maker. She had been making violets at 7d. a gross, and—well, there was the rent of a little room to pay, and the cup of tea with a crust of bread to secure somehow, with all the time an increasing feeling of unfitness and unrestedness.

It isn't the same as "feeling hungry" and "feeling tired." You feel those if you are accustomed to be well-fed and thoroughly rested. If it is a long, long while ago since you were either the one or the other, it isn't like that.

It is only a heavier and heavier numbness, and a wearier and wearier drowsiness, that leaves one able to do nothing more than dully dream that—down there, under the soft, swishing flow of the waters, there would be no more violets—no more counting dozens into grosses, no more bread-shops that you pass when you have no penny, no more rent-book all behind, no more anything! Stillness, hush, deadness. Better that than this.

REFUGE IN THE RIVER.

So the violet-maker felt, and sought as many another has sought the refuge of the river. "Someone rescued her." Violet-making must go on a little longer. There are more violet toques and violet-trimmed hats and muffs wanted for the autumn yet. Poor soul! rest comes very slowly to some.

Besides, there are so many of them. It wouldn't be fair to let her break away from toil when so many others have to go on—yes, and even at worse rates. Why, some people make violets at only 6d. a gross; others at 4d.; another at 2d.—the says the German prison-made violets have cut down her prices—others at 1½d. per gross; yet others at even 1d.

The story of the woman who was paid 1½d. per gross was strangely pathetic. Her husband wouldn't work, so she made violets. Her grandmother helped; so did her three little girls, aged five, six, and nine. They began work at five in the morning, and worked again from the close of school until night. The work of the five produced 3s. a day, when the two women worked sixteen hours.

It is really only by inquiring into the amount to be earned within an hour that an accurate comprehension of the prices can be gained. Thus a widow was explaining to me how she supported herself and her two little boys by blue-birds and song. As a girl she had worked in the factory of one firm until her marriage. Then her husband went into consumption, and she pleaded with her old employers to give her work again.

PENNY AN HOUR WAGES.

From interest in an old worker they gave her as many blouses as she could undertake, with leave to take them home instead of working in their factory. At 9d. per dozen she made them—stitching, stitching for ever, with the interruptions of nursing a sick husband and her two babies, and so maintaining an output of two dozen a day of eighteen hours.

Presently she was given blouses at 5s. 3d. per dozen. But that was far from being an amelioration of circumstances, for, try as she would, she could never make more than three in a day, since they were lined throughout, tucked, and lace inserted—a loss on the day of 2½d. She pleaded to be put back to those at 9d. for the dozen, as being more productive.

Then, too, it must be borne in mind that though penny-an-hour wages are earned by hundreds and probably thousands of the homeworking women, they are not trade prices. They are the prices paid either by the parishes and outcasts of the trade, or by the alien "ready-made" clothes dealers and tailors of Whitechapel, Houndsditch, and so on, or else they are the prices paid relentlessly and without mercy by the women themselves, who at accursed rates farm out their work to their poorer neighbours.

MARION ELLISTON.

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Name

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If you appear in either of these photographs mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected in each group you will receive half a guinea. The upper group was photographed at Skegness and the lower one at Dover. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

"I'd have liked to tell you the rest," Swindover went on, ignoring the interruption, with the odious smile on his coarse lips that made all decent men want to strike him in the face. "I'd like to have told you about my wife. She died years ago, poor Leah! She was the barmaid at the Hare and Hounds at Barnet. She had beautiful yellow hair, and such a head for business. She did a lot for me. I married her after—"

Suddenly he looked up, and met the old peer's eyes fixed on him. The winged, cutting scorn, the icy disdain, the loathing expressed in the fine old face, seemed suddenly to arouse in the great vulgar bully a passion to show all the bare and hideous nakedness of his soul.

"There's one thing I'd like you to know, my lord," he said in a low, infuriated voice. Gone was the heavy jocularity, the offensive familiarity, the ponderous playfulness; in their place was a malice, a desire to wound too vicious and deliberate to be described in words. "It may interest your lordship to know who is my chief creditor, who it is who can ruin your lordship, or save you from ruin, who it is who's living in your castle, who it is you're treating like dirt, and allowing your son to cut dead in the street. It's been a little secret, all along, my lord, but I'll tell you now. Does your lordship remember Jim Preston?"

The name, thus suddenly spoken, set the old man's memory back across a bridge of more than twenty years. He was startled into speech.

"What do you know of Jim Preston?" he asked. "A man who was my valet when I was little more than a boy, whom I prosecuted for stealing the money I left on my dressing-table."

"I was Jim Preston, my lord." Almost it seemed as if the millionaire glared hideously in his past shame. "Well, what does your lordship say? Ain't I done well? Oh, it's all very well to look at me as if I were the old gentleman himself! His voice grew almost terrible in its

shameless aggressiveness. "What if I did pinch sovereigns? I did my time and came out again. Would I be where I am if I hadn't taken what I found? Would you be where you are, my lord, if you hadn't left things lying about? And it's a fair exchange, my lord—Balliol Castle for a few months in quod!"

"Then all this is revenge?" said the old man. His voice was barely audible.

"Revenge! Lord, no! I don't bear no malice. While I was in gaol I thought out all the things I'd do when I got out. And I've done 'em. And buying Balliol Castle from your lordship was one."

He laughed. The great, coarse face was transformed with a triumph that filled Lord Blangquart with a sheer, physical nausea. The man seemed to take a hideous delight in each word, each revelation that smirched the stainless honour of Blangquart de Balliol with such filthy blackness that it could never be wiped clean again. The son of a gaolbird, in his turn, the dishonoured servant sent to just punishment by Lord Blangquart himself in his youth—this man was now the master of Balliol Castle, and he held the proud old peer in the hollow of his hand.

Lord Blangquart trembled all over with disgust, with indescribable horror. As if he were in his own house, he walked over to one of the windows, pulled the golden cord of the glistening curtains, and, flinging the window wide, stepped out on to the great stone terrace, below which lay the magnificently timbered park, all bathed and flooded with the mellow rays of the big golden September moon. For the moment he felt that he physically could not breathe the same air as Swindover.

When he went back into the room, the millionaire was lighting another huge cigar, and again he spat on the floor that the sacred foot of the martyr King had trod.

Lord Blangquart faced him like an image of stone. "Wint! you goin' out, do?" he asked in his

"You haven't congratulated me yet, my lord, on (Continued on page 13.)

UP THE RIVER

How delicious is the sensation of punting about the upper reaches of the Thames. How sweet, verdant, and refreshing is the landscape, and what a luxury it is to float in and out of the lily ponds by banks fringed with forget-me-nots and meadow sweet. Such a holiday gives rest to wearied body, tired brain, and racked nerves, and enables the holiday-maker to once again take up the ordinary avocations of everyday life with new energy, vigour, and force.



SWEET REFLECTIONS

The glassy water at the side of the punt forms a mirror of Venus and reflects the fair face of an English girl, the beauty of which forms the theme of the poet's song and the artist's brush. It is surely worth while to preserve a beautiful complexion, a fair, unspotted skin, and to have silky, glossy hair, the bright tints of

which seem to surprise the sunbeams. This means that care should be taken of the skin, and that it be treated with proper respect. You will not long continue to have a beautiful and spotless complexion if you use bad soap, and that is why we so strongly recommend the systematic use of "Antexema Soap," the soap that beautifies.

THE OBJECT OF BATHING

The object of a bath is to remove dirt and dust from the body, and so open the pores of the skin and help them to do their work. If the pores are thoroughly cleansed and the dirt not only taken off the surface of the skin, but out of the skin, a sense of coolness, refreshment, and reinvigoration follows. That is why "Antexema Soap" should always be used for the bath. "Antexema Soap" does not merely cleanse the surface of the skin, but it acts on the pores, opens them, enables them to breathe, to throw off waste matter, and to pour out the natural oil of the skin that keeps it soft and beautiful. That is why a bath with "Antexema Soap" is such a delightful experience.

THE SECRET OF THE PINES

When you have been taking a country walk you have doubtless been struck with the delicious fragrance of the pines, and the way in which the scent invigorates and puts new life into you. When a sanatorium is to be erected one of the things looked to in determining its site is nearness to a pine wood, because of the healing influence pine-trees shed around them. We are not all so fortunate as always to be able to live near a pine forest, but everyone may enjoy the antiseptic, curative, life-giving power of the pines, because these are all embodied in "Antexema Soap." In this wonderful soap for the skin and hair you have the delicious, healing scent of the pines, and you could not ask for a more delightful soap either for the bath, toilet, or nursery. It is a real delight to wash either the face, hands, or body, or the hair, with "Antexema Soap." It purifies the skin, makes the flesh firm and glowing, and the hair beautiful.

ON GETTING BALD

We do not propose to discuss all the various causes of baldness, but will merely remark here that the majority of such cases are due to want of health in the scalp. The use of "Antexema Soap" for shampooing purposes thoroughly cleanses the scalp, removes dandruff, promotes hair health, and in a perfectly natural manner tendency to baldness is thus counteracted. In addition, the hair is rendered soft, silky, and glossy, and no shampoo than "Antexema Soap" should ever be used for shampooing purposes.

FOR BABY'S BATH

Let us once more repeat our caution against applying coarse soaps to the dainty skin of childhood. When we say coarse soaps we do not mean cheap soaps only, because there are many elegant-looking, highly-scented, grandly-named soaps which are mischievous to the texture of the skin, but if you use "Antexema Soap" you know you are using a thoroughly good and beneficial soap.

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SIMPLE HATS FOR THE SUMMER GIRL—THE FLUTTERING VEIL.



The becoming little round straw hat illustrated above is one of burnt straw, with a sash of blue taffetas round the crown and two brown quills at the side.

MILLINERY IN AUGUST.

VEILS FORM AN ELEGANT BACKGROUND.

With the appearance of the autumn the big picturesque models will resume their interrupted popularity, in company with hats of a moderate but not tiny size. The hat that is a favourite one for the summer months is large, with a flopping, undulating brim, and the material used for this

picturesque model is sometimes Leghorn and sometimes a fine glossy straw that looks like silk braid, and is so supple that the hat made from it easily takes a dozen different curves, and appears to be a different shape from every varying point of view.

Of course, the broderie Anglaise hat is very popular, and a pretty one of its type seen the other day was made of white linen, embroidered and inset with lace that looked like a cobweb, so fine was its appearance. The brim of this hat rolled up gently all round, and drooping from its outer

edge fell a series of Valenciennes lace flounces arranged in fine pleats to frame the face prettily. The only other trimming was a big knot of pink velvet ribbon on the crown of the hat.

Mushroom hats are as popular as ever, and for the motor-car there are some very trim close-fitting hats after the Tam-o'-Shanter variety, made in rough straw and decked with spotted silk scarves. Small sailor hats are perhaps the most fascinating fancies in simple millinery, arranged with crowns of large leaves hiding one or two roses, or such a hat may have a crown of lace or straw ruffles and be trimmed with a large flat rosette of flowers.

It is well to overhaul one's summer millinery this month and to remove all faded flowers and crumpled gauze. Substitute for these wings and add a veil at the back or round the crown to those models that will look well with one. It may be a coloured veil, if you will, with a lace or hemstitched edge, or a white washing net one, with an embroidered device upon it.

In the picture on this page two schemes for holiday hats are shown, both of which extol the simple trimming that proves the hat no old friend, but a new achievement freshly decorated to do honour to the vacation.

RIBBON FLOWERS.

The newest table decorations are made of ribbon, which many clever hostesses concoct for themselves. Debutante luncheons afford excellent opportunities for the display of ribbon flowers, the centrepiece being manipulated out of soft louisiane ribbon curled in such a manner that it exactly duplicates à la France rose. Artificial leaves are used and the rose stems are wound round with green velvet ribbon.

Bunches of violets are easily conjured into shape with narrow violet ribbon, and when combined with natural leaves the effect is exceedingly good. In making these blossoms care must be taken that only soft ribbon be used, as stiff satin would be anything but pretty for the purpose.



Linen hats are now and very light in weight. The one on the right is the so-called cook's model in white, with white turned-down wings as a trimming.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 11.)

my rise in the world," came the grinning reply. "Luck and determination—that's what did it." A glance that would willingly have laid him dead at the old man's feet—that was all. "Are you going to give me time?" Lord Blanquart asked.

"What security do you offer, my lord?" "Some people are born without a sense of proportion, my lord," said Swindover slowly. "I wasn't. I've just been looking over my engagement book, and counting up the invitations that I sent your lordship, and that you refused. And I'm thinking of the times you've cut me dead in public, and how you've set the whole county against me, and won't even set your aristocratic feet on the land that was once yours, and is now mine."

"You and I are talking business, Mr. Swindover. I shall never look upon you differently. You need not expect it. So you refuse?"

"I do, my lord."

Lord Blanquart turned. The ugly voice followed him. It was hushed to something like a whisper; it trembled.

"But I have a proposal to make to you, my lord."

"What is it?"

"I will free you from all your liabilities," said

Swindover, in sharp, staccato tones; "I will make you a rich man for life; I will give your son back Balliol Castle and two million pounds sterling—if you will arrange a marriage between him and my daughter, Fay."

A low, fierce cry answered him. The old man's eyes blazed lightning; his hands were clenched as if to strike. At last Blanquart de Balliol was stung beyond endurance. The noble, lofty pride of the old Blanquarts stirred in him, the pride of the men who had been greater than kings, who had borne their shields heroically in battle, and spilt their blood like water for their country's sake. There had never been spot or stain on their scutcheon; they had chosen the highest ladies in the land to mate with themselves and with their sons; there was no such thing as a mesalliance in the whole long line. And now he, who represented, with his son, all that was left of the great race, was asked to ally himself in his son's person with a creature such as this.

"My God," he cried, "why don't I kill you?" And his voice shook the great room like a tempest.

"That's bloodthirsty, my lord," said Swindover, with ponderous mirth. "Bloodthirsty, I call that, and—well, not nicely put. Why shouldn't my daughter marry your son and put your family on its legs again? She's as good as any girl in the land, even if I'm not as good as any man. Why, she's staying with a duchess now. What more does your lordship want?"

"Is that all you have to say?"

"That's all, my lord. I've kept the best for the last. I'll give your lordship a week. For eight solid days I won't take a single step. A week to think it over. Balliol Castle and two millions for

the Honourable Dick, and a nice little income for your lordship. I can't say fairer than that. In eight days' time—"

"You need not wait," said the cold, expressionless voice of the old peer. "I give you my answer now. You can make me bankrupt; you can take away the only roof I have to shelter my head; you can drive me into the gutter, or the workhouse. But I would rather kill my son with my own hands and hang on the scaffold for the deed than live to see my family allied with—"

He paused, but there was no word for what was in his mind. He gave the millionaire one glance, up and down, taking in the huge form, the flabby, coarse, repulsive face, that had turned a sickly grey to the very lips; it was a glance of unfathomable and royal scorn. Then he turned on his heel and left the room.

(To be continued.)

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Madame Dowding's LUCKY CORSET.



"THE LITTLE BLACK CAT."

With Front Suspenders, 12/6. Extra for Side Suspenders, 2/6. Postage 4d. All orders must be accompanied with cheques or postal orders. Measurements required: Bust, Waist, Hips and Height.

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HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases,
Hinde's Wavers alter fates.

real hair
savers.

WAVERS

The half has not been told of what Fels-Naptha soap can do in easing household work.

This, because Fels-Naptha is not only soap but soap and naptha.

The naptha ingredient proceeds along the fibres, loosening gathered grime and dirt, enabling the soap to quickly wash out all impurities. Then thorough rinsing will leave the clothes truly clean without undue rubbing or undue strain.

Absolutely harmless to the most delicate fabric.

In house-cleaning and kitchen work the naptha ingredient acts first to start the cleansing process, then the soap washes quickly and thoroughly. 2½d a bar.

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Highest Government Award (Gold Medal International Exhibition, 1904), Vienna.

ADVANTAGES:—Requires NO STOVE for HEATING. Ready for use in a few minutes. Cleanest Laundry Iron made. Working cost less than a farthing per hour. Emits neither smoke nor odour.

LADIES' IRON (Nickel-plated) weight about 2lb. 8/3

LAUNDRY IRON 4lb., 6lb., & 10lb. 12/9, 13/6, 14/3

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KRUSCHEN SALTS, the product of the famous Kruschen MINERAL SPRINGS, for all Uric Acid troubles—Gout, Rheumatism, Eczema, all Liver and Kidney diseases, Half a teaspoonful daily. Send P.O. 1s. 6d. to E. G. Hughes, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 17, Deanery, Manchester.—[AD72]

POMEGRANATE WINS BRIGHTON HANDICAP.

Splendid Sport for Concluding
Day—Whitecap Again
Successful.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

BRIGHTON, Thursday Night.—Delightful weather, bright with continuous sunshine, and very breezy, making the sea dance with white horses, prevailed during the concluding day of the Brighton meeting. There was again an enormous attendance on the racetrack about the town, and among the distinguished visitors was the Duke of Devonshire, who came over from Eastbourne.

Racing started in brisk style with the Brookside Plate, on which there was a liberal market. Mr. J. de Rothschild's Mervia filly, one of the most favoured in the betting, pulled a comparatively partaking in the greater part of the way, but time Hard Tack either could not go the pace or found it difficult to get down the hill. At any rate, Hard Tack figured while Mervia lay in the bottom, and then putting on steam she rushed through her field, and won easily by a length from her namesake and Santanta, with Mervia filly, quite unplaced.

There was a rush to back Marron Glace in the Bramble Plate. Immediately the numbers were hoisted short prices were taken, but a big demand for Slinkaway attended the plungers, and at the close there was little to choose between the pair at the prices quoted. Second thoughts proved best, as Slinkaway gave Madden a comfortable ride, and Mervia filly was dropped away. The latter, drawn on the inside berth and ridden by Maher, the most successful jockey at the meeting—the best of his was his last—was in the lead, but was overtaken by Marron Glace, but at the close could not stall off Slinkaway.

Sir Edgar Vincent saw Pomegranate make amends for the Goodwood defeat by taking the Brighton Handicap in a canter from a dozen opponents. He was a very big order. She ran in George Blackwell's colours, but the total sold for his horse was dropped away just at the point where Pomegranate rushed to the front, to win as easily as the jockey liked from Aid and Moray.

Donnetta's task in the Southdown Plate was reckoned too difficult by Sir Edgar Vincent, and he ordered his trainer not to run. The race was indeed a very close one, and odds were laid on Whitecap to beat Aurifer, Julie, and Raven's Flight. The owner of the last-named scarcely believed in his chance after the Goodwood form, and Whitecap, who won very cleverly by half a length from Mr. Hannan's representative.

It was probably an error of judgment not to have run Donnetta, but worse luck succeeded when Sir Edgar Vincent's Cythera, in the Cliftonville Plate, was almost knocked over by the repeated bumping done at a critical point by the Mine d'Or filly, which mishap enabled Nurag, who had made all the running, to snatch a victory. It was a very close race, and the result from the sporting standpoint that happened at the meeting.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

LEWES.

1.50—Juvenile Plate—MARRON GLACE.
2.35—Club Open Welter—MARCH SAINT.
2.55—Castle Plate—NUNCSTALE.
3.30—Lewes Stakes—CLANGBELL.
4.00—De Warren Handicap—PALACE YARD COURT.
4.30—Hamsey Welter—PALACE YARD COURT.
HAYDOCK PARK.
Flixton Welter—SWEET MOREEN.
Three-Year Old Plate—MARCH FLOWER.
Apprentices Plate—PETER'S PRIDE.
Gerard Plate—BEST FRIEND.
August Handicap—ARCHE.
Byron Handicap—CECIL FLY.
Warrington Handicap—COXCOMB.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

DIVORCE COURT. GREY FRIARS.

RACING RETURNS.

BRIGHTON—THURSDAY.

2.0—BROOKSIDE PLATE of 103 sovs. for two-year-olds. (Seven furlongs).
Capt. Bromley's HARD TACK, 8/11. Madden 1.
Mrs. R. de Clermont's MARIE JEANNE, 2/11b. Madden 2.
Mr. S. Fitzgerald's SANTANTA, 2/11b. Madden 3.
Mr. J. de Rothschild's Mervia filly, 10/1. Madden 4.
Mr. J. de Rothschild's Mervia filly, 10/1. Madden 5.
Hard Tack, 7/1. Madden 6.
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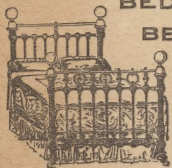
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